PLANET
OMICS
No. 39
NOV.
10c
Death-Webs at Zenith 3/
Featuring
MYSTA of the Moon
also STAR PIRATE-SPACE RANGERS and many others.
Renée

WEIRD VISITORS FROM INFINITY

by

MONTAGUE TRUEX

THE man sat across the desk from me. His face was drawn and haggard, heavily bearded. His eyes bore the expression of one who has faced death and will never forget the experience. He had come to tell me a strange, unbelievable story. He told it with force, in a straightforward manner that said to me, *Here is truth! Astounding. More powerful and moving than fiction could ever be. And true!*

He had just returned from Iceland, the lone survivor of an expedition which started out from a small settlement near Akureyri. He was Dr. Reynold Mitchell's laboratory assistant in Akureyri and, when the Doctor organized his expedition, he naturally took his assistant along.

It all started when a message reached Dr. Mitchell. The message stated that a huge rock had fallen from the sky about ten miles north of a near-by village. There was no explanation for the rock's presence. It had appeared from nowhere. The previous night a bright light had streaked through the air. The following morning a native reported the discovery of a great, strangely shaped boulder

Dr. Mitchell was a meteorologist and profoundly interested in the discovery. He and his assistant organized a group of men, photographers, newspapermen, another doctor, and made the trip to the village of the native who made the discovery. They located the man and asked him to guide the expedition to the boulder.

The journey to the site of the discovery took over twelve hours. Winter in Iceland was drawing to a close. Warm, early Spring days caused much of the snow covering the land to melt. The dogs found it hard to run across the slushy earth. The sleds bogged down. The men sank to their knees in occasional muddy spots.

But the difficult journey was well worth their while. For when they reached the great boulder, Dr. Mitchell immediately identified it as a substance vastly different from any ever before found on earth.

The photographers took pictures of the meteor. Newspapermen made notes on its strange composition.

Dr. Mitchell set to work with his tools to chip off pieces of the rock. It was difficult work, for the meteor was astoundingly hard. When he finally succeeded in chipping a few pieces off, he made a second, more amazing discovery. *The meteor was hollow!* Staring through the hole he had made, the doctor saw a gleaming object within. He brought it to the attention of the others and they set to work tearing a hole in the side of the meteor to learn what caused the brightness.

Their work progressed slowly. The expedition was forced to camp beside the great rock for many hours. When a hole large enough for a man to crawl through was opened, it was cause for much excitement.

Dr. Mitchell was allowed the honor of being the first man to enter the hollow meteor.

"Good Lord!" they heard him exclaim in a booming, but almost frightened voice.

"What is it, doctor?" one of the newspapermen shouted to him.

"Skeletons," the doctor said, calmer now, but his voice still tainted with fright. "Strange, inhuman skeletons."

The doctor's assistant crawled through the hole to join him. He found himself standing on a smooth, flat surface. The beam from Dr. Mitchell's searchlight revealed four small skeletons,

(*turn to page* 33)

A FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINE

PLANET COMICS, No. 39, Nov., 1945. Published every other month by Love Romances Pub. Co., Inc., 670 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. T. T. Scott, Pres.; J. F. Byrne, Mgr. Editor. Re-entered as second-class matter July 8, 1940, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Contents copyrighted, 1945 by Love Romances Pub. Co., Inc. Yearly subscription in U. S. $.60; Foreign $.80. Single copies 10c in U. S. For advertising rates: Wm. J. Delaney, Inc., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A.

NEXT ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS (No. 40, JAN.) ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND NOV. 10th.

The LOST WORLD

By THORNECLIFFE MERRICK

IT WAS BRUCE WHOSE LIVING BRAIN IN THE BODY OF PRINCE GARTH STORMED THE PLANET VOLTA TO RESCUE HUNT BOWMAN AND THE CAPTURED EARTHLINGS. IT WAS BRUCE WHO KILLED THE VOLTA KING AND FOR THIS THE VOLTANS SWORE REVENGE. EVEN NOW THE SPACEWAYS BEAM GRIM WARNINGS AND PATROLS ON EARTH ARE ALERT FOR THE FUGITIVES FROM VOLTA VENGEANCE.

ATTENTION EARTH PATROL! KING OF VOLTA KILLED AND ASSASSINS EARTHWARD FLEE. STAND BY TO SEARCH IN WESTERN HEMISPHERE FOR FIVE EARTHLINGS. ONE VOLTA FORM BEARS. ON HIS HAND ROYAL RING WEARS.

AS HUNT AND HIS FRIENDS LAND ON THE RUINED SHORES OF SAN FRANCISCO.

YES, LYSSA, THE EARTH IS OUR HOME, BUT I HOPE THERE'S SOME GAME STILL LEFT IN THIS DESOLATE WORLD.

LUCKY WE HAVE BRUCE WITH HIS VOLTA REFLEXES. WE COULDN'T HAVE LANDED THAT SPACE SHIP WITHOUT HIM.

NOT A SIGN OF LIFE ANYWHERE. PERHAPS WE WILL STARVE ON OUR OWN PLANET.

COME, BRUCE, WE WILL HUNT AND THESE ARROWS WILL FIND US FOOD.

HUNT! HOLD YOUR HAND! WHY USE THAT OBSOLETE WEAPON?

THE BOW IS SIMPLE BUT THIS IS COMPLICATED. COME ON, BRUCE, GIVE ME SOME INSTRUCTIONS!

AS A YOUNG STAG BOUNDS THROUGH THE RUBBLE.

GET HIM IN THE SIGHTS. NOW AD- JUST THE DISCHARGE LEVER. AND PULL THE TRIGGER - EASY!

HERE GOES!

HERE. TRY THIS VOLTA RAY DISCHARGE. THE EFFECIENCY IS GUARANTEED 100% OVER THE BOW.

WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS.

ONLY A FEW SCRAPS OF HAIR AND A BURNT HORN!

BLASTED OUR DINNER TO SMITHER- EENS. FROM NOW ON I STICK TO THE BOW!

LET THE MEN ARGUE WHICH WEAPON'S BETTER, LYSSA. WE'LL GO SWIMMING!

WAIT, HUNT, YOU OVER- CHARGED THE TRIGGER. LET ME SHOW YOU-

SHOW IT TO ROBIN. I'M GOING AFTER GAME WITH AN EFFECTIVE WEAPON.

DOWN AT THE JUNGLE SHORE OF THE BAY.

OH, LYSSA, DOESN'T IT LOOK PEACEFUL - NOT A VOLTA PATROL IN SIGHT!

BUT IN THE STRATOSPHERE -

HARK! PATROL AMPLIFIER WARNING GIVES. DOWNWARD HEAD THE SHIP. EARTHLING FUGITIVES MUST CAPTURED BE.

ZEEEEEE

THAT SHADOW - WHAT...

IT'S A VOLTA PATROL - THEY'VE SPOTTED US. IF WE CAN JUST MAKE IT TO SHORE WHERE WE CAN HIDE!

AS FROM THE CLIFFS ABOVE...

VOLTA PATROL! THEY'VE GOT LYSSA AND BONNIE!

NO GAME IN SIGHT. HEY! WHAT GOES ON. WHERE ARE THE GIRLS?

A VOLTA PATROL GOT THEM!

LET GO! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THAT SHIP! THEY'RE TAKING THE GIRLS ON BOARD.

DON'T BE A FOOL! ONE WEAPON AGAINST A WHOLE PATROL?

AS CAPTORS AND CAPTIVES ZOOM OVERHEAD...

TOO LATE! YOU ARE THE FOOLS FOR HOLDING ME BACK!

BUT THIS IS OUR CHANCE. NOW WE CAN ARM OUR - SELVES WITH RAY GUNS AND FIGHT THEM WITH THEIR OWN WEAPONS.

A FEW MILES OFF, THE PATROL HEADS DOWN.

THE SHIP'S COMING DOWN NEAR THE OPERA HOUSE! THAT MUST BE HEADQUARTERS.

WE KNOW WHERE THEY ARE. LET'S GO!

AND HERE'S ONE FOR YOU, HUNT!

NO, THANKS. I'LL STICK TO MY BOW!

IN A FEW MINUTES.

A COUPLE OF BLOCKS MORE AND WE'LL HAVE THEIR LOCATION!

AS FROM THE CREST OF THE HILL.

SO THIS IS THE H.Q. FOR THE WESTERN SEABOARD PATROL.

IT LOOKS IMPOSSIBLE. TO GET THE GIRLS OUT OF THERE BUT WE HAVE TO GIVE IT A TRY.

IN ARMORY LOCK GIRLS. DOUBLE SENTRY ON TOWER PLACE. FOR RUBY RING ON VOLTAN IMPOSTOR WATCH!

WHILE WITHIN...

HA! WEAKER MEMBERS OF EARTH REVOLT IN OUR HANDS. YOU BAIT FOR TRAP OTHERS TO CATCH. THE IMPOSTOR OURS WILL BE.

THOSE TANKS ON THE PATROL STATION ROOF - LOOKS LIKE A REFUELING CENTER.

THE FUEL IS VOLTACENE, THE MOST POWERFUL ACID KNOWN TO SCIENCE. YOU STAY BACK. MAYBE I CAN GET AWAY WITH MY DISGUISE AGAIN!

AS BRUCE GOES INTO HIS STRATEGY OF PRETENSE.

IT MAY WORK, IF I GO IN BOLDLY THEY WON'T SUSPECT I'M NOT ONE OF THEM. THEN I CAN FIND WHO'S IN COMMAND AND... THERE'S THE GUARD.

HO, FELLOW VOLTANS! I COME SEEKING YOUR CHIEF!

HALT! IDENTIFICATION FIRST MUST MAKE!

SURVIVOR OF PATROL 58-B I AM. IN A PACIFIC HURRICANE LOST.

PATROL 58-B ON EASTERN SEABOARD SCOUTS. RING WEARS - STRANGE - RUBY RING THAT!

IMPOSTOR! SEIZE!

THE RING! THEY RECOGNIZE IT. NO USE PRETENDING NOW.

TO TOWER TAKE. OUR KING HE KILLED!

AS BRUCE TRIES TO ESCAPE...

YOU RAY BLAST WILL FEEL IF YOU ESCAPE!

OUR CHIEF WITH HIM WILL DEAL!

AS FROM THE ROCK PILE.

THEY'VE GOT BRUCE. NOW IF I CAN GET THIS BLASTER TO WORK.

THE DISCHARGE TRIGGER IS STUCK. I'VE FORGOTTEN WHERE THE RELEASE IS. NOW WHAT CAN WE DO?

IT'S JUST AS WELL WE CAN'T USE THE RAY GUN. THE GUARD TOWER GIVES ME A BETTER IDEA.

WHEN NIGHT FALLS..

THE GUARDS ARE TALKING. THEY DON'T EXPECT ANY TROUBLE AT THE STRONG-HOLD.

THEY'LL REGRET THEIR CARELESSNESS. YOU STAY BACK AND I'LL HANDLE THEM.. IN MY WAY..

ARGH! DID YOU NOT HEAR SOMETHING?

QUIET! YOUR TALK, FOOLISH IS. DISTURB ME NOT. MY MIND ON OTHER THINGS DWELLS.

AND SILENCE THEIR VOICES PERMAN-ENTLY!

AS THE TWO GUARDS STAND TOGETHER..

THIS WILL THROTTLE THEIR SCREAMS..

WITH THE GUARDS DEAD, THE PLAN PROCEEDS..

THIS ROPE IS THE RIGHT STRENGTH AND LENGTH!

HUNT'S LINE WINGS THROUGH THE NIGHT WITH THE SWIFT ACURACY OF HIS ARROW.

GOOD SHOT!

AS SCALING THE UNWATCHED TOWER.

I HEAR VOICES AT THE TOP SECTION.

BUT WHERE WILL WE FIND THEM?

WHY, THEY'RE INSIDE! GOT TO PASS THIS WINDOW- HOPE THEY DON'T GIVE ME AWAY!

THEY HAVEN'T SEEN ME YET. MUST MAKE THE ROOF!

WHEN WE YOUR OTHER FRIENDS CATCH ALL TO VOLTA WILL GO. THERE OUR JUSTICE KEEN WILL PROVE.

AS LYSSA LOOKS UP.

OH!

SHH. LYSSA. I SEE HUNT BUT THE VOLTANS MUST NOT!

MINUTES LATER.

MADE IT! NOW TO FIND THOSE FUEL TANKS. VOLTACENE WILL DESTROY THIS BUILDING IN TEN MINUTES.

WE HAVEN'T A KEY BUT THIS ARROW WILL DO FOR A LEVER. THERE.

THE SPIGOT TURNS- HUNT SPRINGS BACK AS THE DEADLY VOLTACENE HISSES OUT.

BACK, ROBIN! QUICK, TO THE ROPE- WE'VE GOT TO GET THE OTHERS OUT- FAST!

AS THE UNLEASHED ACID MAKES A SIZZLING PUDDLE ON THE FUEL DECK.

STAND BACK, ROBIN. ONE DROP OF THIS STUFF CAN EAT THROUGH STONE.

The SUPPORTS COLLAPSE AND VOLTACENE POURS INTO THE NEXT FLOOR.

AS INSIDE

LOOK OUT! VOLTACENE!

SUDDENLY, THE ROOF SAGS...

QUICK, THROW THE ROPE DOWN TO THEM, I'LL TRY TO HOLD OFF THE VOLTAN GUARDS!

HALT! ARGH!

IT'S HUNT_ I KNEW HE WOULDN'T FAIL US! HURRY!

ROOF LADDERS, SET UP, QUICK! BEFORE WE PERISH ALL.

AS THE VOLTANS CLIMB AFTER THE EARTHLINGS ON THE SAGGING ROOF

HA! OUR QUARRY WE HAVE CORNERED!

BUT-

CLIMB QUICKLY, THIS IS OUR LAST CHANCE

BUT WHERE TO NOW? THE TOWER IS TURNING OVER.

THE TOWER'S LEANING WELL OVER THE BAY. JUMP FOR THE WATER AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE VOLTA PATROL.

ARGH!

HELP! THE LADDER CRUSHES US!

JUMP AS FAR CLEAR AS YOU CAN. THE WHOLE BUILDING'S DISINTEGRATING!

WHILE-

WE ESCAPED THE VOLTANS AND THE ACID JUST IN TIME.

THERE'S NOTHING LEFT OF IT NOW BUT THE SPIRE, AND THAT'S FALLING DOWN!

LATER..

THIS ALL HAPPENED BECAUSE OF YOUR BOW! HUNT, DO YOU THINK YOU COULD ER MAKE ME ONE?

Lost World IN EVERY ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS!

MYSTA OF THE moon

BY ROSS ANDRU

MYSTA — CREATURE OF BEAUTY YET ALL KNOWLEDGE, ALL SCIENCE WERE HERS. BUT WOULD ALL HER POWERS BE ENOUGH TO OVERCOME THE CURSE OF THE SHRIVELLING DEATH

?

SUCH A CROWD COMES TO ATTEND MY SCIENTIFIC LECTURE HERE ON EARTH! IT MAKES ME FEEL THAT AT LAST I AM NEARING MY GOAL!

SUDDENLY FROM ABOVE...

OHH! MY BODY... WHAT PAIN! H... HELP!

THAT SILVER RAY—IT'S DEATH DEALING! GET OUT OF ITS PATH QUICKLY, ROBOT!

HOW HORRIBLE! THE ROBOTS DISINTEGRATE WHILE THEY ARE YET ALIVE! WHAT PAIN THEY MUST BE GOING THROUGH!

AHHH!

THAT STRANGE SHIP IS SPRAYING THE PEOPLE WITH THAT LETHAL RAY. COME QUICK! WE MUST PUT AN END TO THAT MADMAN!

WHILE INSIDE THE YELLOW SHIP...

AH, THE RAY WORKS WELL INDEED! AND MYSTA DECIDES TO FOLLOW. GOOD, I WILL LET HER FIND ME!

AS SEEN THROUGH THE TELEVISO SCREEN

QUICKLY, ROBOT, WE MUST NOT LET HIM GET AWAY!

SWIFTLY...

HMM. STRANGE. HE LANDS HIS SHIP ON THAT SWAMPY ASTEROID WITHIN MY SIGHT!

SECONDS LATER...

AH-HERE SHE IS. THIS MYSTA FEARS NOTHING I SEE. BUT SHE HAS NOT MET ORUG YET!

HO THERE! YOU OF THE STRANGE SHIP-OPEN YOUR DOOR-TAKE CARE, THIS GUN BROOKS NO TRICKERY!

SLOWLY THE GREAT DOOR SWINGS OPEN.

ENTER MY HUMBLE LABORATORY, MYSTA. ORUG IS BUT A HARMLESS OUTCAST!

YOU WEREN'T SO HARMLESS BEFORE YOUR POWERFUL RAY KILLED MANY!

NO TRICKS, ORUG! I'M INTERESTED IN SEEING THAT DEADLY MACHINE OF YOURS.

BUT SUDDENLY...

OOH!

MEDDLING WOMAN! PERHAPS MY ELECTRIC WHIP WILL INTEREST YOU ALSO!

MY GUN - CAN'T REACH IT - THE WHIP HOLDS ME FAST - PERHAPS MY ROBOT -

NOW'S MY CHANCE - ORUG'S NOT LOOKING.

ROBOT! RELEASE YOUR ELECTRO-CUTIC HEAT WAVES!

COME, KRAK!

INSTANTLY...

THE HEAT WAVES MELT THE METAL WHIP! HE IS FREE!

NOW - FIGHT ROBOT - AND DO NOT CEASE FIGHTING!

SWIFTLY THE ROBOT OBEYS THE ORDER OF HIS MISTRESS, AND KRAK RECEIVES A BURNING BLOW TO THE JAW!

UGH!

MYSTA'S THOUGHT-CONTROLLED ROBOT'S TOO POWERFUL - IT WILL DESTROY MY LABORATORY AND KILL ME! WAIT - MY VACUITE GLASS CASE...

SWIFTLY... INTO THIS CASE WITH YOU, MY PRETTY ONE. YOUR THOUGHT COMMANDS TO YOUR ROBOT CANNOT PIERCE ITS WALLS!

FOOL - THIS WILL NOT HELP YOU - HE WILL CONTINUE TO OBEY MY LAST ORDER!

A FOOL, AM I? WE SHALL SEE!

THIS FREEZER RAY WILL COUNTERACT HIS HEAT WAVES. AH - HE IS FROZEN IN HIS TRACKS!

THEN... ON THE TABLE WITH HIM. I SHALL REMOVE THE MYSTA-CONTROLLED BRAIN-BOX AND INSERT ONE OF MY OWN. I WILL BE HIS NEW MASTER!

WE MUST USE SPECIAL STRAPS, KRAK, IN CASE THE FREEZER RAY WEARS OFF BEFORE I FINISH

HE'S GOING TO OPERATE ON MY ROBOT - I MUST STOP HIM! BUT HOW?

WAIT - MY THOUGHT IMAGE! I CAN PROJECT IT THROUGH THE CASE. I MUST CONCENTRATE...

Meanwhile...

SO! HIS BRAIN-BOX WAS HIDDEN IN HIS CHEST. LET'S SEE NOW!

BUT SUDDENLY, BEFORE HIM.

MYSTA!

YES_IT IS I, ORUG. DID YOU THINK YOUR CASE COULD STOP ME?

ENOUGH OF YOUR INTERFERENCE! MY DISINTEGRATOR RAY WILL PUT AN END TO YOU!

COME, ORUG, TRY IT!

DIE, INSOLENT GIRL! AH! THE RAY GOES RIGHT THROUGH YOU! I HAVE KILLED KRAK INSTEAD!

I MUST GET TO MY ROBOT!

KEEP AWAY FROM THERE! MY MACHINE HAS NEVER FAILED ME YET_I MUST TRY AGAIN!

ROBOT_RELEASE YOURSELF_BREAK YOUR BONDS!

GET UP QUICKLY, ROBOT! YOU MUST RELEASE ME FROM THE GLASS CASE!

MY OPERATING TABLE HAS DISINTEGRATED! AND THE ROBOT TOO IS IMPERVIOUS TO THE RAYS! I DO NOT UNDERSTAND!

QUICKLY, THE ROBOT OBEYS.

AT LAST I SHALL GET OUT OF THIS CASE.

INSTANTLY...

DO NOT BE PUZZLED, ORUG. THAT WAS ONLY MY THOUGHT IMAGE YOU SAW A MOMENT AGO!

SO! THEN THIS TIME MY RAY SHALL NOT FAIL!

ROBOT QUICKLY!

THAT'S THE END OF ORUG AND HIS EVIL CREATION. YOU DID WELL, ROBOT!

STAND IN FRONT OF ME, ROBOT, AND PUSH THE DESTROYING RAYS BACK TOWARD ORUG!

WHAT! THE ROBOT TURNS THE RAYS BACK TOWARDS ME! NO, NO—STOP! OH—H-H-H!

LATER...

PERHAPS IF I SPOKE OF ORUG AND HIS DEATH AT MY SCIENCE LECTURE THERE WOULD BE MORE OF AN INTEREST IN PEACEFUL INVENTIONS!

Mysta IN EVERY PLANET COMICS!

FLINT BAKER and REEF RYAN

SPACE RANGERS

by HUGH FITZHUGH

STRANGE MADNESS STALKED THE EARTH - SLIMY CORRUPTING, HIDDEN! THE GREATEST MINDS SUDDENLY WRECKED, THE FINEST SOULS SUDDENLY GONE SAVAGE, SLAVERING WITH BLOOD-LUST - AND YET, WAIT - **WAS** IT MADNESS?

BAD NEWS, FLINT AND REEF. WE'VE FOUND EVIDENCE THAT THE ZARA BROTHERS ARE UP TO THEIR OLD TRICKS!

ZARA BROTHERS - THE CRAZY BRAIN SURGEONS! BUT THEY WERE BANISHED FROM EARTH YEARS AGO!

SO THEY WERE, FOR THEIR EXPERIMENTS ON HUMAN BEINGS WERE HORRIBLE - TOO HORRIBLE TO MENTION! BUT LOOK...

FIND THESE MEN! THE SAME THING THAT IS HAPPENING TO THEM - HAPPENED TO -

"SIR ISAAC BROWNING, WHO HAD BEEN MISSING FOR TWO YEARS. HE RETURNED MYSTERIOUSLY, AND THIS ONCE JOVIAL MAN ACTED STRANGELY, TO SAY THE LEAST!"

LEAVE ME **ALONE**! I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY.

BUT CAN'T YOU TELL US WHERE YOU WERE AND WHAT HAPPENED?

"BUT SIR BROWNING REFUSED TO TALK, AND ISOLATED HIMSELF IN A SMALL CORNER OF A HUGE LABORATORY.."

"SUDDENLY, ONE DAY, HE WENT COMPLETELY MAD - TURNED HIS ATOM-SMASHER RAYS ON COSMIC EXPLOSIVE FLUIDS AND BLEW HIMSELF AND THE WHOLE EXPERIMENTAL LAB TO PIECES, KILLING THOUSANDS!"

LATER, WE EXAMINED HIS BRAIN, AND FOUND IT HAD BEEN OPERATED ON— UNDOUBTEDLY BY ONE OF THE ZARA BROTHERS! MY ASSISTANT MEETS THE PRESIDENT TOMORROW AT TEN, BUT HE HAS A PLAN WHERE YOU TWO MAY HELP.

IT'S SIMPLE. YOU AND FLINT WILL DRESS AS SCIENTISTS AND PATROL THE LANES. BULLETINS ABOUT YOUR EXPEDITION WILL BE GIVEN OUT. THEN WE'LL WAIT FOR RESULTS.

And SO LATER,

GOODBYE BOYS—AND GOOD LUCK!

THANKS!

GOTTA HUNCH WE'LL NEED PLENTY O' LUCK!

AND STILL LATER...

DOGGONE, FLINT. SEEMS WE'VE BEEN HANGIN' AROUND FOR AGES, BUT NOTHIN' GIVES!

PATIENCE, MY GOOD MAN—ROME WASN'T BUILT IN A DAY.

SUDDENLY...

HEY!

SHIP'S OUT OF CONTROL— WE'RE CAUGHT IN A MAGNETIC COIL!

DIVING TOWARD THAT CLOUD BANK! INSTRUMENTS HAYWIRE—WE'LL CRASH!

LOOK—LOOK! BREAKING THROUGH—AND WE'RE EASING OUT OF OUR PLUNGE! STRAP ON FOR EMERGENCY LANDING!

AND AS THE SHIP BURROWS TO A ROUGH LANDING.

FLINT-L-LOOK! THOSE STRANGE DEVILS RUNNIN' FORWARD! AND FROM THEIR LOOKS, I DON'T THINK THEY LOVE US!

THE WEIRD CREATURES APPROACH, SPRAYING THE HELPLESS SHIP WITH THEIR ODD WEAPONS

REEF! THOSE APES ARE USING ACID SPRAY GUNS! WATCH OUT!

DIS GUN 'EM PAL! GIVE OUT!

But...

LEGGO, YOU DARWINIAN SPECIMEN! (COUGH)

NO USE, REEF-THEY'VE GOT OUR GUNS-(COUGH)-S-SAY, IT-IT'S HARD TO BREATHE!

THEN TO A HUGE LABORATORY..

GREETINGS, SPACE RANGERS, IT'S INDEED A PLEASURE TO CAPTURE YOU!

R-REEF, HE'S A ZARA BROTHER!

AHH, BUT I FORGET, YOU CANNOT BREATHE ON THIS PLANET WITHOUT THIS INJECTION-AND I SEE NO REASON FOR YOU DYING YET!

MINUTES LATER.

FEELING BETTER, EH? NOW COME, YOU'LL BE INTERESTED IN WHAT I HAVE TO SHOW YOU.

THESE ARE LIVING BRAINS UNDER MY CONTROL. THEY'LL THEN BE RE-TRANSFERRED TO THE BODIES, AND RETURN TO EARTH UNDER MY CONTROL. TO DO MY BIDDING!

I OPERATED ON PROFESSOR MARX THIS MORNING. AS YOU KNOW, HE HAS CHARGE OF ALL ATOMIC ENERGY ON EARTH...CONTROLLED BY ME, HE'LL SEE THAT SUCH KNOWLEDGE IS DESTROYED!

Y. YOU'RE MAD! WHAT DO YOU HOPE TO GAIN?

REVENGE! DID NOT EARTH BANISH US? YES, REVENGE, FOR TOMORROW AT TEN O'CLOCK, YOUR OWN PRESIDENT WILL DIE. KILLED BY MY BROTHER, WHO IS ON EARTH WITH A FACE YOU DO NOT KNOW!

GOT TO THINK FAST!

BUT ENOUGH...GUARDS, PLACE ONE HERE. THIS INJECTION WILL PREVENT ANY PAIN.. HA. THE COWARD FAINTS FROM FEAR!

SUDDENLY...

FOOLS! SEIZE HIM!

A CHANCE! A GOOD TRICK IF I CAN SWING IT!

MINUTES LATER...

STUPID FOOL! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE! PUT HIM ON THE TABLE AND BRING ME THE NEEDLE!

and SOON...

THERE, ALREADY HE SLEEPS. NOW TO TRANSFER HIS BRAIN!

FLINT'S OUT AND I'M POWERLESS TO HELP!

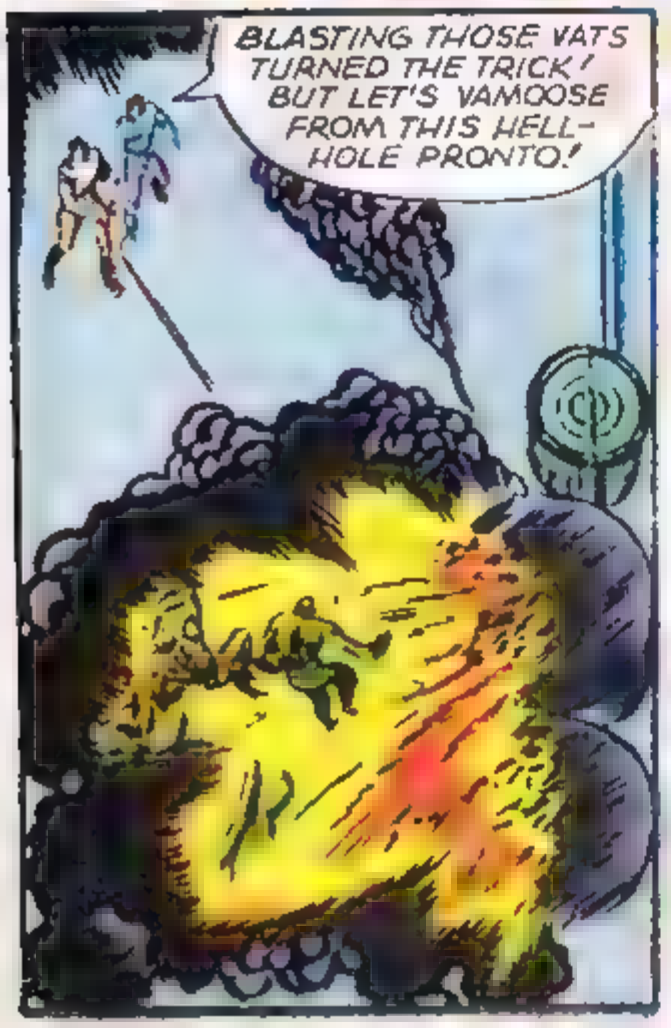
YES, I'M SURE THE NEW SPACE RANGERS WILL BE VERY HELPFUL IN RUINING INTERPLANETARY TRAVEL.
EASY_EASY, CAN'T FAIL NOW!

Suddenly
STOP HIM. STOP HIM_ OHHH..
THE TABLES ARE TURNED, ZARA, NOW TASTE YOUR OWN MEDICINE!

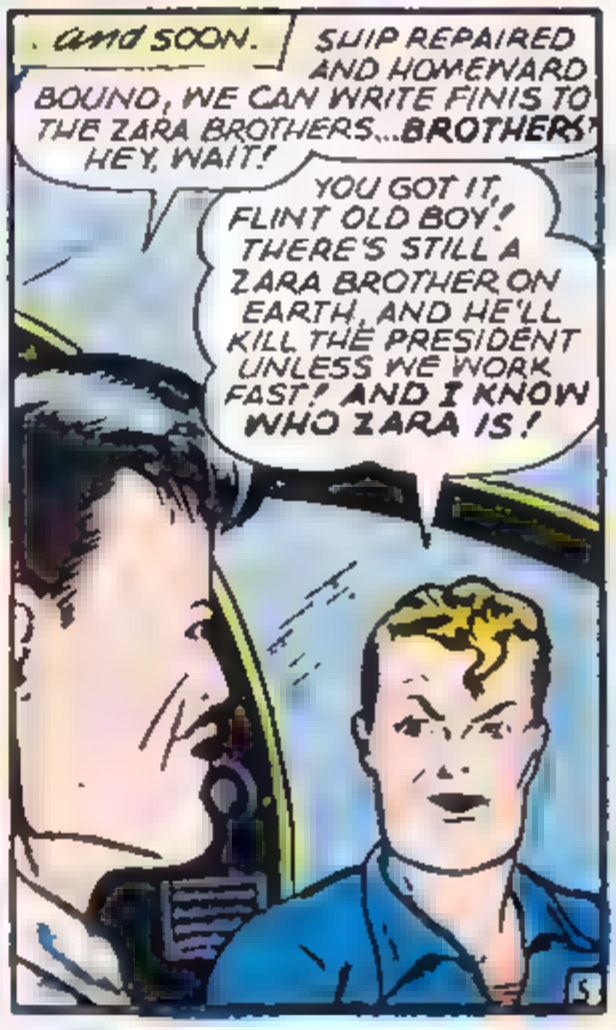
GOOD GOING, FLINT! SWITCHED THE NEEDLES BEFORE! BUT GET THESE GOONS OFFA ME!
WILL DO_AS SOON AS I BORROW HIS DIS GUN!

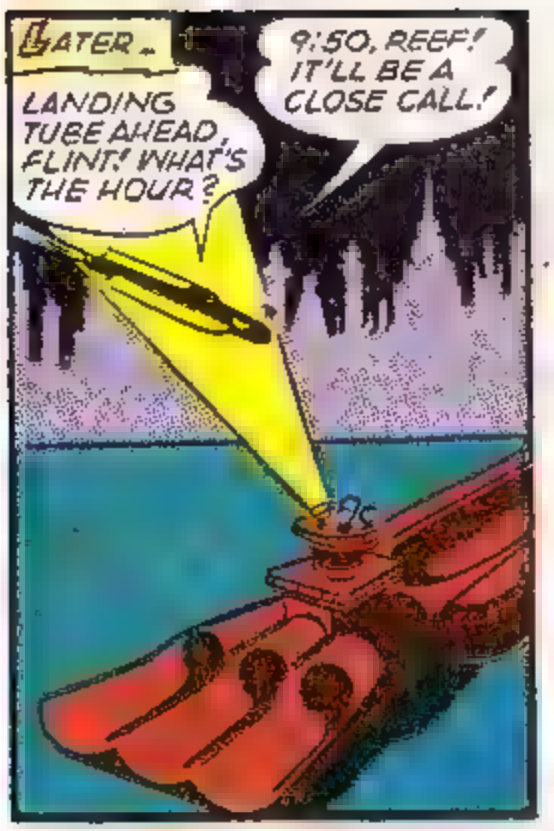
ONE LESS APE-MAN! GET MOVING, REEF!

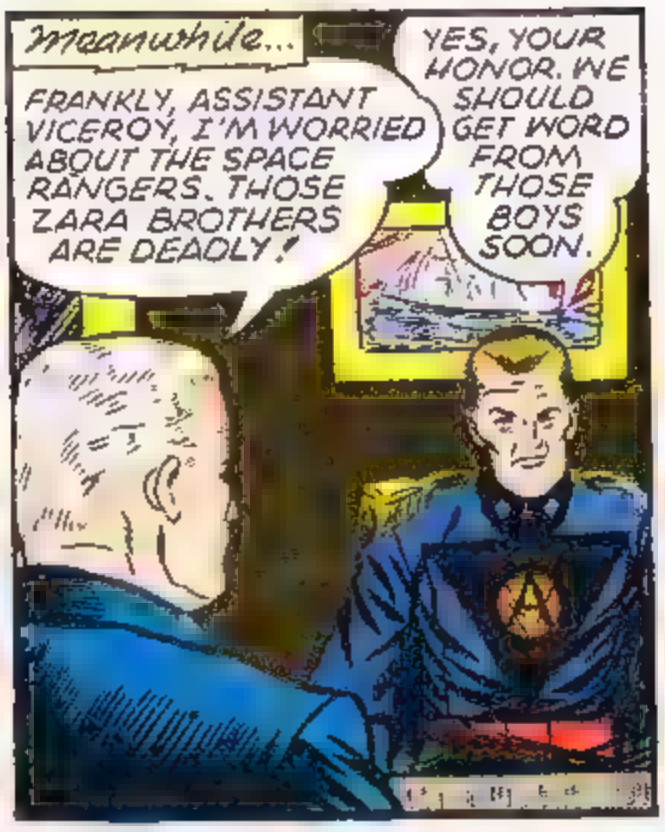
TO HEAR IS TO OBEY! THESE THINGS ARE STRONG _BUT SLOWER THAN MOLASSES!
OHH! COMES TROUBLE! A WHOLE HORDE OF 'EM ARE POURING IN THAT SIDE ENTRANCE!

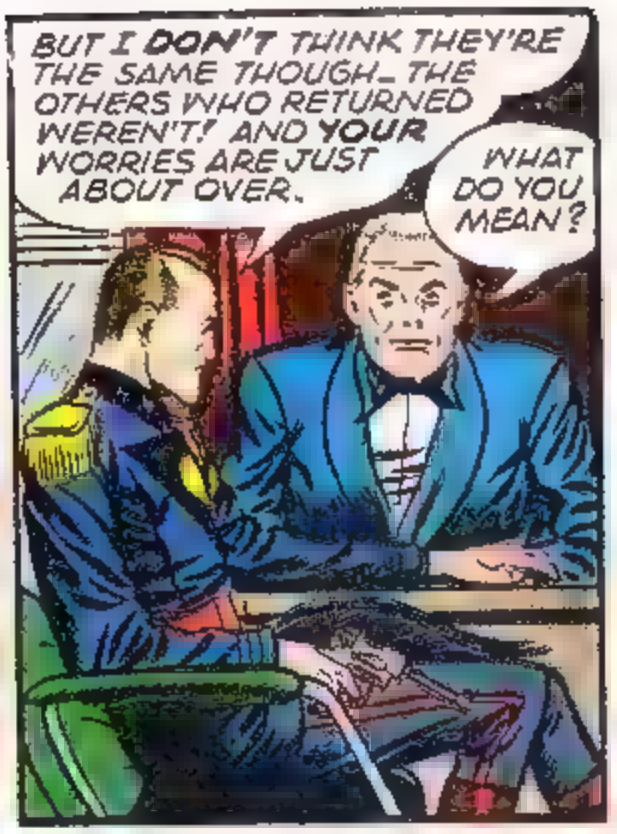

BLASTING THOSE VATS TURNED THE TRICK! BUT LET'S VAMOOSE FROM THIS HELL-HOLE PRONTO!

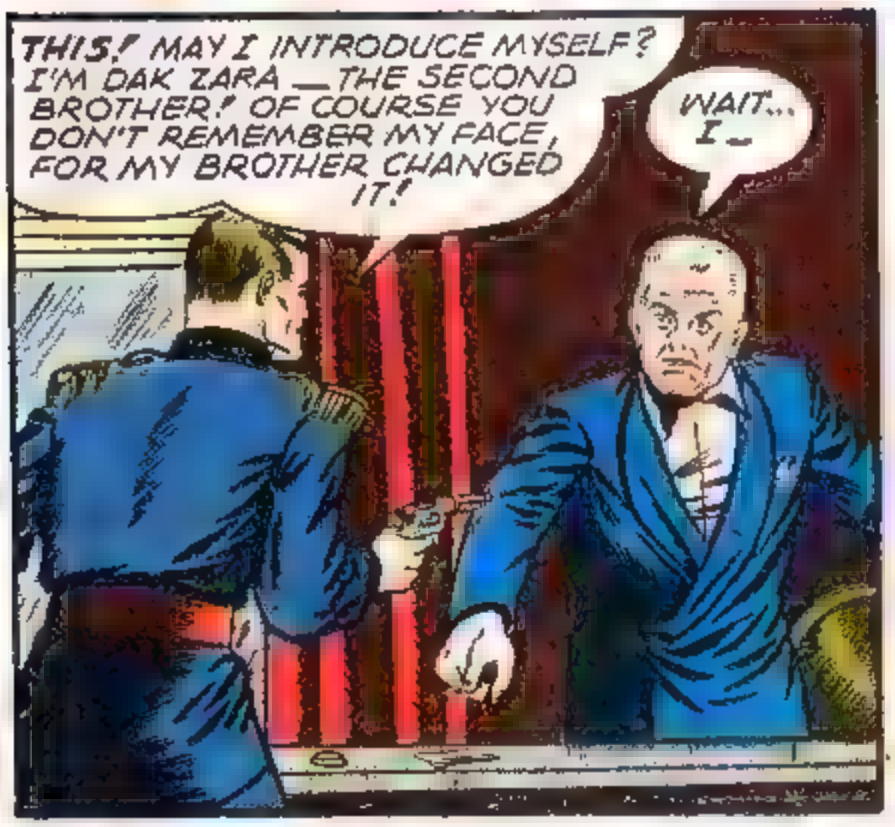
SWIFTLY
HURRY, THERE'S OUR SPACE BUGGY AHEAD!
NOT A SEC TOO SOON_ TH WHOLE PLACE BLEW UP!

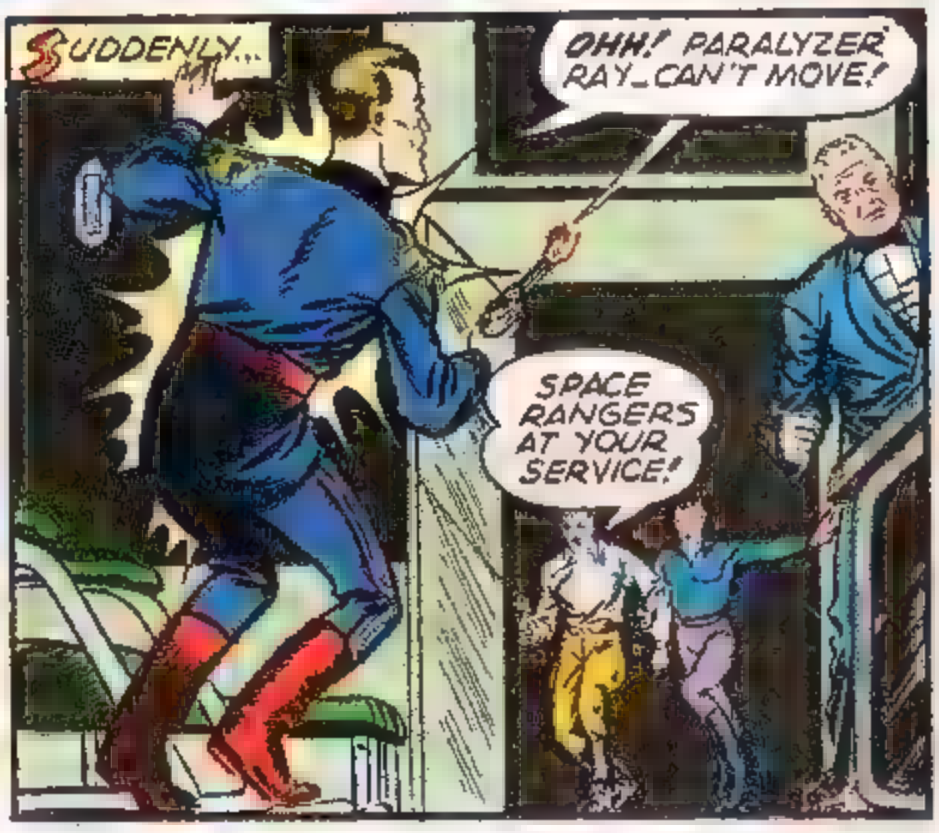

. and SOON.
SHIP REPAIRED AND HOMEWARD BOUND, WE CAN WRITE FINIS TO THE ZARA BROTHERS...BROTHERS? HEY, WAIT!
YOU GOT IT, FLINT OLD BOY! THERE'S STILL A ZARA BROTHER ON EARTH, AND HE'LL KILL THE PRESIDENT UNLESS WE WORK FAST! AND I KNOW WHO ZARA IS!




Meanwhile...
FRANKLY, ASSISTANT VICEROY, I'M WORRIED ABOUT THE SPACE RANGERS. THOSE ZARA BROTHERS ARE DEADLY!
YES, YOUR HONOR. WE SHOULD GET WORD FROM THOSE BOYS SOON.


BUT I DON'T THINK THEY'RE THE SAME THOUGH.. THE OTHERS WHO RETURNED WEREN'T! AND YOUR WORRIES ARE JUST ABOUT OVER.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?


THIS! MAY I INTRODUCE MYSELF? I'M DAK ZARA — THE SECOND BROTHER! OF COURSE YOU DON'T REMEMBER MY FACE, FOR MY BROTHER CHANGED IT!
WAIT... I—



THANK HEAVENS! BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW?
WELL, YOUR HONOR.. WE HAD TWO CLUES.. ONLY THE VICEROY AND HIS NEW ASSISTANT KNEW OF OUR MISSION.. AND YET ZARA KNEW WE WERE SPACE RANGERS.. THERE WAS A LEAK SOMEWHERE..

THEN, WHEN ZARA TOLD US THAT YOU WOULD BE KILLED AT TEN O'CLOCK.. I KNEW.. FOR THAT WAS THE TIME OF YOUR APPOINTMENT WITH THE ASSISTANT VICEROY! SIMPLE!
SIMPLE WHEN YOU EXPLAIN IT! I'LL SEE THAT YOU'RE WELL REWARDED!
M..M..M.. I'LL TAKE HER!

SPACE RANGERS IN EVERY ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS!

STAR PIRATE

LEN DOBSON

LISTEN TO THAT BUZZARD SNORE.

ZZZZ

ZZZ-ALP! WH-WHAT!?

DID I SHOCK YOU?

IT'S ONLY A HARMLESS LITTLE COMBUSTIONATOR, BLACK BEARD! IT RECORDS ALL FRICTION IN THE UNIVERSE-EVEN TO HUSBAND-WIFE SCRAPS! LOOK! FRICTION NOW! LET'S GO SEE!

AW NUTS! WAKE A GUY LIKE THAT-AIN'TCHA GOTTA HEART, STAR?

AN'AIN'TCHA GONNA TELL ME WHAT'S UP?

TROUBLE ON HYPERION, THE WATER PLANET! MY COMBUSTIONATOR INDICATES A SMALL SCALE WAR. LET'S GO!

And SOON...

THIS HYPERION, STAR? GOLLY-REMINDS ME OF THAT OLD TOWN I ONCE READ ABOUT-KNOW THE ONE?

VENICE? UH HUH-SURE IS PRETTY!

WE'LL LAND ON THIS FLOATING FIELD.

RIGHT, STAR! SA-AY- SHOULDN'T THERE BE MECHS TO CHECK US IN? THE PLACE IS EMPTY!

SOMETHING'S ROTTEN HERE! SO WE'LL USE OUR ROCKOCHUTES TO TAKE A LOOK- SEE.

IF YA ASK ME, AN' YA AIN'T- I'D SAY THIS IS ALL A WASTE OF TIME! I COULD BE DREAMIN' NOW-

SUDDENLY, OVER HYPERION'S FLOATING MALL-

OUCH! SOMEBODY'S SHOOTIN' DARTS AT ME!

THERE'S A NOTE ON IT!

CAME FROM THAT GUY BELOW- HE'S BECKONING US TO LAND-

HELP!

THESE TOOTHPICKS S'POSED TO BE MEN?

WHO ARE YOU? AND WHAT'S WRONG- SCARED BY A MOUSE?!

PLEASE DON'T JEST- IT'S A SERIOUS MATTER! I'M ALAR, KING OF HYPERION -AND-

HEY! NO WOMEN HERE?

THAT'S THE TROUBLE! OUR WOMEN DESERTED US- CALLED US COWARDS! THEY RETURN ONLY TO LOOT THE CITY AND BEAT ANY MAN THEY SEE!

PLEASE HELP US!

WEREN'T YOU EVER MEN ER-LIKE US? YOU ALWAYS SO PUNY?

NO ONCE WE WERE AS STRAPPING AS YOU!

THAT NIGHT

HMM! THOSE POOR GUYS ARE SO SCARED THEY WON'T GO HOME TO SLEEP! IT ALL SOUNDS LIKE THE OLD AMAZON YARN TO ME!

SUDDENLY..

WASSA-MATTER, STAR?

MY BELT COMBUSTIONATOR -LISTEN!

OOO- THEY'RE COMING!

THE WOMEN! THEY'LL KILL US! SAVE US!

FER THE LUVVA MIKE-QUIT BEIN' SISSIES!

HEY BOSS! LOOK WHAT'S COMIN' THROUGH TH' WINDOW!

HMM- NICE!

VERY NICE!

BOY OH BOY OH BOY O BOY! WOW!

IT'S DORIANNE, THE LEADER!

MORE TOO! AN ALL PIN UP GIRLS!

SILENCE! WOMEN, SEIZE THESE COWERING IMITATIONS OF MEN! WE NEED SLAVES!

BAH_WHAT WORK CAN WE GET FROM THESE WEAKLINGS?

PLEASE_ PLEASE_ PLEASE!

STOP! LISTEN TO ME!

HO HO! THIS SURE TICKLES ME!

OW!

DON'T K_KILL ME!

WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

OOF!

HEY, YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO MY FRIEND!

CAN'T I?

HELP YOURSELVES TO LOOT, GIRLS! THEN DUMP THESE SPECIMENS INTO THE SWAMP CAMP!

D_DO I SMELL G_G_ GAS?

TIME PASSES AND_

STAR_ YOU ALL RIGHT?

GUESS SO_OW_ MY HEAD! AND I'M HUNGRY TOO_THINK I'LL EAT SOME VITA-PELLETS!

MY BOOTS ARE GONE!_ HAVE SOME CALCO VITA-PELLE'S, MEN!

WE EAT 'EM ALL THE TIME! MAKES US STRONG!

REALLY?

I GET IT! YOU NEVER EAT MINERALS_ THAT'S WHY THE WOMEN CAN TOSS YOU AROUND!

HYPERION MEN EAT ONLY BRAIN FOOD. THE WOMEN MAY EAT THE WORTHLESS MINERAL PRODUCTS!

BROTHERS YOU'RE ALL WRONG! YOU GUYS ARE ALL BRAIN AND NO BRAWN_ HERE_ GULP DOWN THESE PILLS, AND IN A FEW HOURS

OH DEAR! HERE COME THE GIRLS!

SHE HAS MY BOOTS!

WORK FASTER! WE NEED RAFTS BY NOON!

HERE'S WHERE I HAVE A GOOD TIME! JUST PRESS THE BOOT LOCO-MOTER ON MY BELT AND_

OH!

WHO DO THAT?!

DO WHAT, MA'AM?

IS SHE SORE!

NO! NO!

GET THE MEN ON RAFTS! START ROLLING DOWN RIVER!

YES, DORIANNE!

ANY MORE FUNNY BUSINESS LIKE THAT AND I'LL KILL SOMEBODY!

PLEASE DORIANNE!

HURRY, SLAVE! WE DON'T HAVE ALL DAY!

HSST... BLACK BEARD, WATCH!

GAIN STAR FINGERS HIS BOOT LOCOMOTER.

OON!

DORIANNE! WE'LL SAVE YOU!

CROCODILES! OUCH!

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE, MEN

BUT WE'RE SO-WEAK!

NOT NOW! CAN'T YOU FEEL THE PILLS WORKING?

AND NOW!

WOW! LOOK AT THOSE STRONG SILENT MEN! LOOKS LIKE THEY'LL DO THE TELLING FROM NOW ON!

STAR_I-ER-DO NOT HAVE A MATE WOULD YOU-?

HUH?

NOTHIN' DOIN' PAL! THANKS FOR ALL YOU DO-BUT SHE'S FOR A HYPERION MAN_ME! I'VE HAD MY EYE ON DORIANNE A LONG TIME-AND NOW SHE'S TAMED DOWN AND KNOWS WHO'S BOSS-

SURE, SURE!

AW, STAR! DO WE HAFTA GO? THERE WUZ A CUTE LITTLE BLONDE-

NOT FOR YOU BB! YOU'RE ALL BRAWN AND NO BRAIN! SHE'D DRIVE YOU NUTS!

STAR PIRATE APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS!

Gale Allen

by DOUGLAS McKEE

AN UNKNOWN TERROR STRUCK AT THE REALMS OF OUTER SPACE - STRUCK AND DESTROYED THE LAW-GIVERS OF THE UNIVERSE. CHAOS REIGNED UNTIL GALE ALLEN DARED THE TERRORS OF THE SPACE VORTEX TO FIND AN ENEMY AS YET UNMATCHED BY ALL THE WORLDS.

ANNOUNCING GALE ALLEN AND PROFESSOR QUEMBLY TO THE MIGHTY RULER OF THE PLANET ASTRO.

SPARE THE FORMALITIES, MY FRIENDS. THE PLANET AURO AND ITS RULER HAS NEED OF YOU.

GALE ALLEN, YOU'RE OUR LAST HOPE. A RUTHLESS MANIAC IS ATTACKING THE RULERS OF OUTER SPACE. IT'S MY TURN NEXT. PERHAPS YOU - WHAT'S THAT?

SUDDENLY.

GOOD HEAVENS! THE ASSASSIN IN OUR VERY MIDST. GUARDS, BLAST HIM!

HOW DID HE GET HERE?

FOOLS. YOUR RADIO-BLASTS FALL HARMLESSLY AGAINST AN IMAGE PROTECTION OF ZARO. YET MY PROJECTION CAN BE DANGEROUS TO YOU, AS YOU WILL SEE.

HE DOES NOT FALL! BLAST HIM AGAIN!

BEHOLD! I STRIKE DOWN YOUR GUARD WITH A MYSTERIOUS WEAPON. RULER OF ASTRO, GIVE OVER YOUR PLANET OR SUFFER THE SAME FATE. ZARO SPEAKS!

OHN!

HE'S DEAD WITH [illegible] THE KILLER ?

ZARO'S GONE BUT HIS [illegible] YOU MUST HELP!

WILL I! PERHAPS MY PLANETARY CALCULATOR

LATER... WE'VE NARROWED [illegible] DOWN THESE ASTEROIDS TO A GENERAL [illegible] VORTEX.

PROFESSOR ! I'M NOT SURE YOU'VE HIT IT!

A JOURNEY INTO THE VORTEX IS DANGEROUS. BUT AN ENCOUNTER WITH [illegible] AND SUCCESS [illegible]

I'LL THINK OF THAT IF I FAIL! LET'S GO PROFESSOR

HE'S SOMEWHERE IN THIS SWIRL OF ASTEROIDS. BUT ANYTHING WOULD BE SMASHED TO PIECES THERE - UNLESS IT WERE UNDER A POWERFUL CONTROL.

MEANWHILE ON ZARO'S CONTROLLED ASTEROID PROJECTION LABORATORY

[illegible] SPACE SHIP FROM ASTRO [illegible] AROUND ME BUT I WILL REASON WITH THEM FIRST

[illegible] POOLISHLY [illegible] FIRST I'LL DESTROY HIS EMISSARIES, THEN HE HIMSELF WILL FEEL MY WRATH.

IN A FLASH..

PROFESSOR, IT'S ZARO! HE'S FOUND US!

AS THE IMAGE FADES..

ZARO GAVE YOU WARNING. NOW FEEL HIS WRATH.

THAT BOLT! IT S SPLIT THE SHIP IN HALF.

DEAR ME, GET THE CONTROLS!

ANOTHER BOLT! HE'S TEARING THE SHIP TO SHREDS!

QUICK, GALE, THE SPACE LIFE BOAT..OUR ONLY CHANCE!

JUST MISSED IT. THAT WAS CLOSE!

AS INTO THE WHIRLING SPACE VORTEX.

JUST IN TIME THE SHIP IS RIDDLED.

PROFESSOR! LOOK AHEAD. THAT ASTEROID ..IT'S MOVING TOWARD US!

PULL UP, GALE. IT'S COMING A TREMENDOUS SPEED!

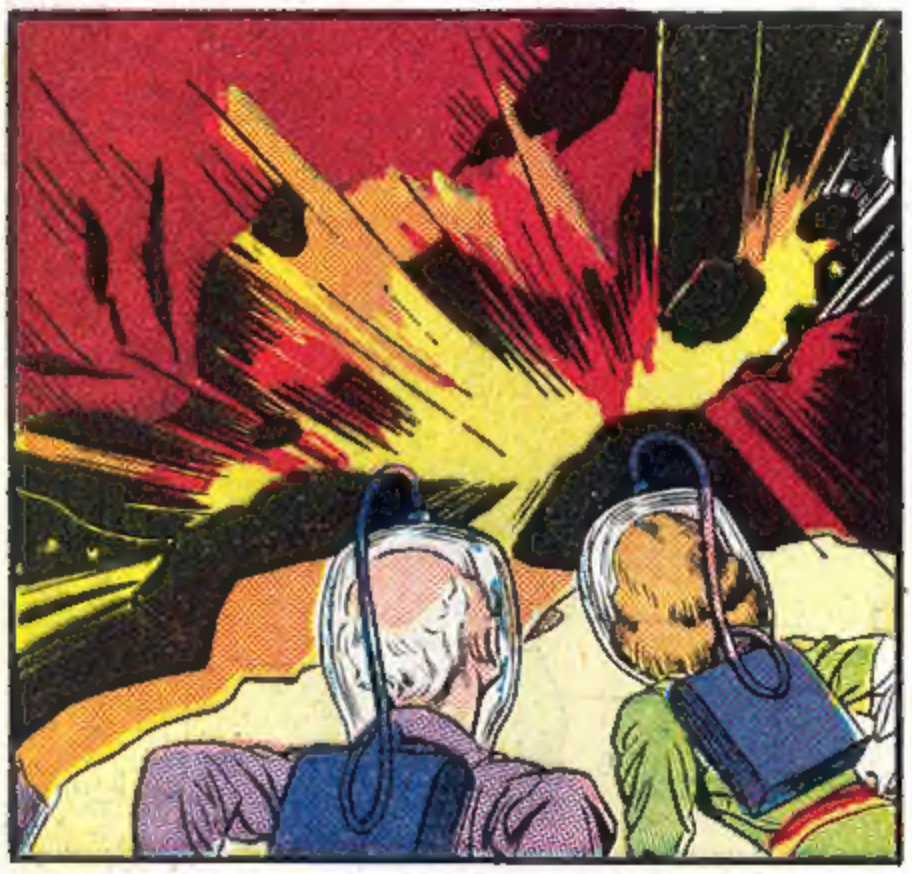
LOOK, ITS ORBIT IS IN THE DIRECTION OF ZARO'S HIDEOUT, AS WE PLOTTED IT ON THE MAP.

RIGHT! I'LL HUG ITS TRAIL!

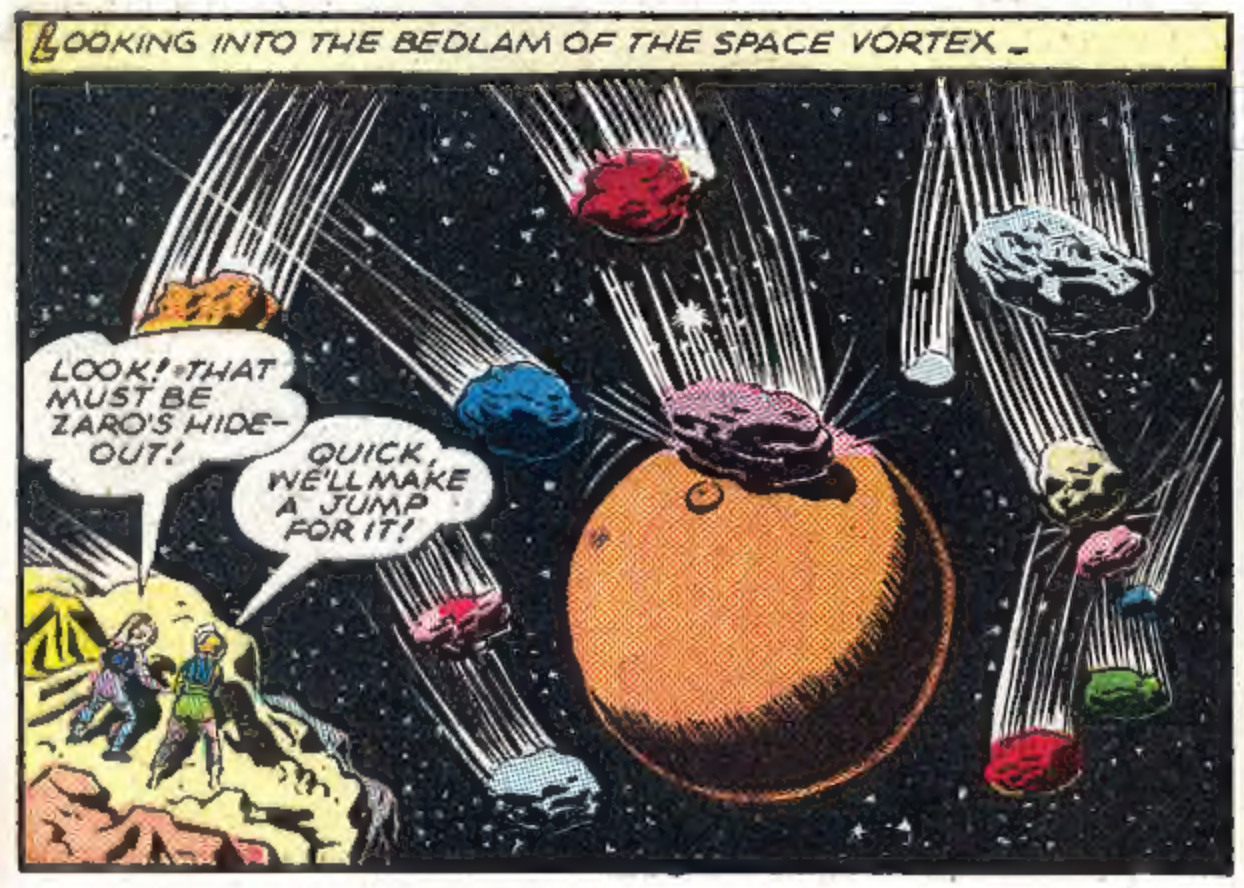
AS THE SPACE SHIP CATCHES UP WITH THE ASTEROID...
A VERY NEAT LANDING, GALE.

BETTER TO LEAVE THE SHIP. THESE FLYING FRAGMENTS WILL SMASH IT TO PIECES.
FORTUN-ATELY OUR SUITS ARE MADE FOR MOBILITY!

OH DEAR. THAT ASTEROID'S HEADED FOR US!
RUN!



COME ON, PROFESSOR. WE'D BETTER GET OUT BEFORE WE'RE GROUND TO PIECES.


LOOKING INTO THE BEDLAM OF THE SPACE VORTEX...
LOOK! THAT MUST BE ZARO'S HIDE-OUT!
QUICK, WE'LL MAKE A JUMP FOR IT!

SEIZE THAT HANDLE AND HANG ON. IT'S PROBABLY ATTACHED TO A DOOR.

THE PROJECTOR DEVICE MUST BE DOWN IN THIS LABORATORY. QUICK PROFESSOR, ZARO WORKS FAST.

AS- I COME TO YOU ONCE MORE, RULER OF ASTRO. YOU THOUGHT TO SEND GALE ALLEN AGAINST ME BUT I HAVE DESTROYED THEM AND THEIR SHIP. NOW I WILL TURN MY MUINICIBLE BOLTS AGAINST YOU. PREPARE TO DIE!

PROFESSOR, LOOK- THAT'S ZARO AHEAD! THIS MACHINE, I'LL TRY TO SWING IT ON HIM BEFORE HE SPOTS US!

BUT SUDDENLY...

YOU- I THOUGHT YOU DEAD! GET AWAY FROM THOSE CONTROLS!

DON'T KNOW WHAT THESE LEVERS DO, BUT HERE GOES!

NO-NO! THE RODS... OHH!

YOU ASKED FOR IT!

WELL, THAT'S THE END OF ZARO AND HIS MENACE, PROFESSOR.

GOOD WORK, GALE- BUT HOW WILL WE ESCAPE FROM THE VORTEX?

WITH THESE CONTROLS WE CAN GUIDE THE SHIP OUT. FOR THIS ASTEROID IS ONLY A DISGUISED SHIP!

GALE ALLEN IN EVERY ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS!!

man-like in appearace but lacking leg-bones.

The gleaming they had seen came from a small instrument board. There were levers and dials, switches and numerous other small features on the board.

One of the photographers crawled into the "meteor" and took pictures. The others in the expedition set to work once more to break a still larger hole through the heavy substance.

Suddenly Dr. Mitchell cried out again. "Let's get out of here," he said. "This thing is shrinking."

He could no longer stand straight in "meteor". The rough ceiling seemed to have fallen, seemed to be sinking down on the three men within.

One by one they crawled out. Even the opening through which they had come had grown smaller.

On the outside, the men stood watching the "meteor". They could almost see the great rock shrink. Within a few minutes, it was smaller than a man. It was with great dismay that they watched the substance which composed it begin to disintegrate. Suddenly it crumpled. All that was left of the great discovery was a pile of dust.

A light flurry of snow fell from the heavens to swirl around the amazed and disappointed group. They stood staring through the flakes at nothing; solemn, almost unhappy.

"Perhaps it was something in the air," the doctor said. "Perhaps even oxygen itself. The material that went into the making of the—'meteor' was decomposed by the pressure of the atmosphere here on Earth."

The snow fell more heavily, as though in sympathy with the mood of the men. A blast of wind swept down from the north. A wave of fear washed over the group.

"It looks like a blizzard!" the doctor shouted over the now roaring wind. "We'd better break camp and get out of here before we're snowed under."

The only man in the group who seemed to feel no fright was the photographer. Although he knew the sudden viciousness of an Iceland blizzard, he was more worried about his camera than himself. The pictures it held were the greatest scoop of the century.

The rest of the trip, as told to me by the lab assistant, was an indistinct nightmare. He couldn't remember most of the long journey back to the village. All he did remember, with fright in his eyes and a trembling voice as he told the story, was death. The blizzard became a terrific, driving force. It drove the men ahead, blindly, stumbling. The sled was turned over. The team harness snapped. The dogs were lost in the swirling, stinging snow.

The expedition moved ahead on foot. One by one they dropped, exhausted, unable to continue, they gave themselves over to the storm.

It was each man for himself. There was no trying to help one another. The expedition had been prepared for the early Spring warmth. And now this.

Of the entire group, only the lab assistant reached the village. He could not explain how he managed to complete the journey. He was a man in a daze. For days he hovered between life and death.

It was months afterward that he appeared in my office to tell me the story. He didn't expect me to print the tale, but he wanted me to have the facts when it broke. He was in New York trying to borrow money to organize another expedition to locate the bodies of the men who had died, and to locate the camera which would prove his strange experience to be true.

After he left, I telegraphed to Iceland to confirm the fact that an expedition had been lost early that Spring. The answer I received was a great surprise to me. They not only had records of the expedition, but had the message Dr. Mitchell received regarding the story.

I'm publishing this story now to predict that one of these days you will read about the finding of the camera—the evidence of an attempt by creatures from another planet trying to reach Earth.

Keep your eyes open for the name of Robert Cushman, Dr. Mitchell's assistant. If he succeeds in finding the camera-evidence, he will scoop the world on the strangest story of the century.

Let's hope he succeeds in his search. And let's hope, too, the creatures from that other world make a second, more successful attempt to reach us, for new worlds will be opened then, new commerce and new adventure. It will be the first step toward opening the entire, mysterious Universe to our anxious, curious minds.

The BIG OF THE COMICS!

EACH ONE A WINNER...
JAM-PACKED WITH
FAST ACTION AND
DRAMATIC ADVENTURE!

ON SALE-25TH

ON SALE-1ST

Why Guess? Get the best!

ON SALE-25TH

ON SALE-1ST

ON SALE-5TH

ON SALE-10TH

LOOK FOR THE BULL'S-EYE.....

FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINES